

# GLEASON IS STIRRED TO WRATH.

"Book Larnin,"  
He Says, Is Not  
in His Line.

CANNOT ANSWER  
FRANK WARD

The Boy Declares the  
Mayor "Rattled" Him  
by a Simple Question.

Mayor Patrick Gleason is perplexed. His "book larnin" has been questioned, his knowledge challenged to a test with that of a boy of eleven, and his reputation as a scholar is at stake.

There are little currents of sulphuric atmosphere about his favorite haunt near the ferryhouse at Long Island City, and those who know him best have migrated to the more peaceful shores of Gotham.

And all this turmoil in the odoriferous municipality because the Mayor dismissed a principal in the public school of Astoria, who proved to be more popular with the young folks than the genial Pat himself.

The second act in this tragedy of letters disclosed a mass-meeting of indignant schoolboys, a petition drawn up for the reinstatement of their favorite, six hundred and thirty-eight signatures attached and a triumphal march of nearly the whole school with the Astoria Drum Corps down to the City Hall and in to the presence of the Mayor.

That dignitary elevated his brows over the unusual serenade, and the star actors came forward and said their lines, being strengthened at intervals by loud cheers from the chorus. Whereupon the Mayor informed the children that the deposed principal was incompetent and to prove it ordered Master Frank Ward to bound Long Island City.

COULDN'T BOUND LONG ISLAND CITY. The youthful spokesman, however, failed to rise to the occasion. The petition was refused, and under the ban of ignorance with diminished valor and muffled drums, the youthful champions proceeded back to the picturesque village of Astoria.

Act III, scene as in last act.—One night having elapsed, during which the youth of Astoria have had sufficient time to cogitate and grow wrathful over the taunt of ignorance thrown at them by their once beloved Mayor. The finale was a challenge, written and sent by Master Ward, protesting the boys were not ignorant; that they were, on the contrary, a credit to their deposed favorite, and challenging the Mayor to a contest of brains at any time and any place the latter might designate.

At this stage of the proceedings Mayor Gleason wisely rang down the curtain, but judging from the rumblings behind the scenes, there is some likelihood of a farce.

BEARDED THE LION. One day last week I braved Long Island's elements and odors, and sought the challenged Mayor in his den. He was not, as has been erroneously stated, busy with text books and spellers. He sat beside a formidable looking brown flask of cold care, stroking his mustache.

"Mayor Gleason?" I queried. "That's me," was the answer. "I came to inquire about that challenge from Master Frank Ward. What will you do about it?"

"I have done," said the Mayor. "Put it in the waste basket," answered he Mayor, promptly. "You are not in favor of such contests then?"

"They are out of my line, decidedly," was the reply. "What is your line, Mr. Gleason?" "Municipal government," said the Mayor. "Any other?" I asked. "Certainly not," he replied, "isn't one trade enough?"

MAYOR GLEASON CHILLS AMBITION. "Do you think Frank Ward will ever

succeed in his ambition to be Mayor of Long Island City?"

Mayor Gleason said promptly that he thought the prospects very poor, if the boy did not learn better manners and cultivate a proper amount of respect for city officials.

"These lads do not appear to realize how much dignity attaches itself to the important office of Mayor," he remarked, forcibly adjusting his vest and rearranging the curls of his weeping mustache. "Did you ask him to bound Long Island City?"

"I did," answered the Mayor, "and he could not do it." "Can you?"

"I could," answered Mr. Gleason; but he didn't.

"Can you bound Greater New York?"

"I think it is bounded by the very near future," was the reply.

"And Manhattan Island?"

"Now, look here," said the Mayor, "I don't profess to be able to locate villages out in Africa, or bound foreign cities and countries. It's enough of a feat to be able to compass the whole of Long Island City. When I was young I didn't get no book larnin', and that's why I'm making schools my hobby now. I feel the want of it, and I don't want the boys and girls of Long Island City ever feel that want."

LOVES THE CHILDREN. Mr. Gleason continued to say that he loved the little ones; that, indeed, they were a most important factor in his election; that somewhere, sometime, he had read a piece of poetry which said: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me." That was just the way he felt about it, but he could see further than they could, and had teachers would turn out bad scholars, and so they must sometimes be discharged, even at the bitter cost of removing some one of opposite political views.

THE PHILIPPA DELIVERED. The Mayor retired to the solitude of his chamber.

A TALK WITH A GENUINE BOY. Frank Ward is a boy from the soles of his feet to the crown of his crooked head—and a twentieth century boy, at that. The fact that his home is surrounded by the swampy marshlands of Astoria has in no way dampened the ardor of his boyhood.

I found him at his home in the throes of a vigorous appetite.

"I have just come from the Mayor's office," I said by way of introduction.

"Has he accepted my challenge?" asked the boy, halting for a moment in his bread-and-butter occupation.

"Not yet," I said. "What would you prefer the test questions to be?"

"Anything in public school work," answered the boy.

"Aren't you afraid you might get beaten?"

"Well, I guess not," he answered. "Why, he took the petition from me and said, 'These names all seem to be writ in one hand.' That isn't such good grammar, is it?"

"But grammar isn't Mr. Gleason's forte. His strong point is governing cities."

"Is there any game he can play better?" asked the boy.

"He says you have not the proper respect for your Mayor. How about that?"

"I had proper respect for him," said the boy, "when he did right; but he took a position away from a good, hard-working man, whom we all loved, and we'll all face back in our lessons without him. When I get to be Mayor I won't govern like that."

NOT A FRIEND OF GLEASONSITES. "You find you discharge any of the people you find in power?"

"Well, you bet I will, if I go in right after Pat Gleason goes out."

"Can you bound Long Island City now?"

"Yes, I can, and I could have bounded it then, only he rattled me. Long Island City is bounded on the north by East River and Bowery Bay, on the east by Newtown, on the south by Newtown Creek and on the west by the East River."

"Can you bound Greater New York?"

"No; and I hope I never will," he replied.

"Why?"

"Because Pat Gleason says if the thing goes through he will be Mayor of Greater New York, because the terms of office of New York's and Jersey City's Mayors expire before his does, and he'll be left Mayor of the whole thing."

"Can you bound Manhattan Island, Frank?"

"Yes; Manhattan Island is bounded on the north by Spuyten Duyvil Creek and Harlem River, on the east by East River, and on the west by the Hudson River."

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on the south by the North and East Rivers, and the west by North River."

"Do you really hope to be Mayor some day?"

"I know I shall be," was the prompt response.

"And what will you do that Pat Gleason has not done?"

"I'll give the people in office a fair chance to retain their positions."

"What will you leave undone that he has done?" I asked.

Raise whiskers," and Long Island City's future Mayor tossed on his cap and ran back to school.

TWO PUMAS HERE. A Pair of Cubs of the Native American Puma Family That Have Arrived in New York from Texas.

Two baby pumas have been brought to New York to be educated. They were born in Western Texas, and their very first home was a rocky den in a wild mountain region. The locality is one scarcely yet known to the settler, and only occasionally trodden by the hunter and explorer.

Their kittenish ways amused the hunter who captured them, and he kept them a few months. But they outgrew the limits of his backyard, and although partially tamed by care and petting, showed enough of their wild nature to make them unsafe companions unless they had more teaching than he cared to give them.

So they were sold to their present owner, Donald Burns, of this city, who proposes to turn them into a pair of trained pumas. They are a bright, intelligent, and healthy pair of cubs, and there is no doubt they can be taught all that such wild beasts can learn. James Burns is to be the trainer, and he thinks this pair of pumas exceptionally quick and capable.

The cubs are at present four months old, and about two feet long. They have the general awkward and loose jointed appearance of all young animals, their heads seeming too large for their bodies, and their limbs apparently set at queer angles. They are of a reddish-brown, or grayish-brown color, without special markings. The fur is thick and close, but does not lie as flat as a cat's hair. They have a brisk, saucy look and a way of cocking their heads on one side, strongly suggestive of an inquiring puppy.

The baby pumas came here direct from Texas. They have never been exhibited. The puma, on American soil, is as it is often called, grows to four and a half, or five feet long, and has a very long tail of two and a half feet.

They are of the same family as the Felidae, or cat tribe, as do lions, leopards and tigers. Years ago, they were quarantined all over North America, but they are now much rarer. They prey upon all small animals, but do not often attack men. They are easily tamed, and show a gentle disposition, purring like a cat.

cat and displaying a cat's love of attention and easy living.

JUMBO OF LOCOMOTIVES. The 130-Ton Monster That Climbs Mountains on the Mexican Central Railroad.

The heaviest locomotive in the world was made at Providence, R. I., and is in daily operation on the most difficult and mountainous section of the Mexican Central Railroad. It weighs 290,000 pounds, or 130 tons, and is especially designed for mountain climbing.

The railroad men call it a Slamesee, because it is, in fact, two locomotives permanently united. It is used for the purpose of freight trains, and is unique in the mechanical world, as a glance at the illustration will show. The crank shafts of the locomotive were designed by F. W.

Johnston, and his professional rivals said that it was impracticable. The same was said of the first railroad locomotive, and of the pioneer steamboat. The locomotive is double in all its parts, is in fact, two locomotives end to end, with a single cab in the center. One single stiff frame carries the two boilers and driving mechanisms, each machine resting on three rollers which are placed close together. The difficulty of running this colossal engine on comparatively short curves is met by so arranging the driving wheels of the trucks carrying the fore and rear parts that they accommodate themselves to the curves. The engine, therefore, despite its great length, can go around much shorter curves in safety than the ordinary single locomotive.

The mechanical arrangement of the driving wheels were the chief difficulty met with by the builder. The crank shafts of the driving wheels are provided with intermediate joints near the cylinder heads so that when the driving wheel assumes an angle other than ninety degrees in reference to the frame, the crank shafts connecting with the cylinder heads and

forming a neat broken check, 46 in., \$1.25.

Scotch Sullings, new gray and brown combinations, heater effects, very stylish and serviceable, 56 in., \$1.

Two-toned English Hopsacking, extremely neat effects, 45 in., 75c.

BLACK GOODS. English Mohairs, lustre, 50c.

46 in. English Mohairs, extra quality, 65c. 50 in. English Mohair, high lustre, 85c.

Figured Mohairs, fine weaves, 50c. Extra rich, figured Mohairs, 20 styles, 75c.

Extra quality Silklans, \$1.25, \$1.50. Royal Serge, pure worsted, 50c.

French Imperial Serge, 44 in., 38c. Silk and Mohair Crepons, billow weaves, \$3; former price \$4.

WARM UNDERWEAR—You don't know what day the mercury will dip below the zero mark again. Warm underwear may mean health—it won't mean much expense as we are selling it.

Women's stainless black cotton Hose, high spliced heels and double soles, unbleached and solid black feet, also solid black lisle thread Hose, plain and ribbed, 25c.

Women's fast black cotton Hose, velvet finish, double soles and high spliced heels, solid black and unbleached feet and soles, also extra wide 4-thread lisle thread Hose, 35c pair, 3 for \$1; regularly 50c.

English cashmere Stockings, double soles and high spliced heels, medium weight, extra quality, 50c.

Child's ribbed cotton Stockings, extra fine quality, tan, sizes 7 to 8 1-2, 17c pair; 3 for 50c; 45c kind.

Women's natural color merino Vests, high neck, long sleeves, silk trimmings, 2-3 wool, 35c; the 75c kind.

Children's white and natural color merino Union Suits, 2-3 wool, 75c; the \$1.25 kind.

Children's stainless black, 2-2 ribbed cotton Stockings, extra heavy, sizes 6 to 10, 25c; were 45c.

LOVELY LACES. Just in for this Spring. Things never before seen in the country. In the rich cream color. Beautiful patterns.

Point de Gene Insertions, 25c yd. New Oriental Laces, 10c, 15c, 25c yd. New French Val. Edgings, 25c for 12 yds.

A great array of new Collars. Specials at \$1 and \$1.50.

Point de Venice All-Over Net, 10 patterns, \$1.75 and up.

Point de Spirit Net, \$4 in., 29c. Fine Oriental Tides, all sizes, 5c, 10c, 25c and up.

Irish hand crochet Tides, 19c and 29c. Fringed all around and 20 ins. square, Renaissance lace Tides from 25c up.

BAGS AND TRUNKS—Forethoughtful people are already picking out the Travelling Bags and all that for the Summer touring. Choosing is at its easiest, stocks are at their fullest and prices are likely to be higher rather than lower.

Genuine alligator leather lined Club Bags, gilt trimming, Vienna handles, 10 to 14 in., \$2.95. We believe these to be the best and cheapest Bags of the size in New York.

Genuine alligator Club Bags, with toilet fittings, 14 and 15 in., \$5.95; \$7.50 kind.

Russet leather Dress Suit Cases, 22x24 in., with brass spring lock, \$3.35.

Pickles, delicately and richly spiced, 25c small bottle, 40c large bottle.

Marinated Peas, best quality, new full pack, 10c can; \$1.16 doz.

Fresh Lima Beans, best quality, new pack, not the dry soaked kind, 3 days only, 9c can.

Mrs. Hancock's famous Frying Tomatoes, sliced, skin on to prevent breaking, 15c can; \$1.72 doz.

Tomatoes in glass, finest quality, 25c qt. jar, \$2.90 doz.

Genuine French Peas, best quality, medium small, natural color and flavor, 14c can; \$1.56 doz.

California Fruits, extra standard quality, large, handsome color, flavor and syrup.

Lemon Cling Peaches, 18 2.16 White Cherries, 22 2.52 Golden Apricots, 15 1.72 Egg Plums or, 15 1.72 Green Gages, 15 1.72

Mrs. Johnson's Old Virginia Sweet

Kit Mackerel, extra shore No. 1 large and fat, \$1.50 10 lb kit.

Golden Finnish Haddie, best quality, cured and flaked, ready for sauce, 14c can.

Alaska Salmon, best quality, 12c tall can.

Sardines in mustard, best quality, key opening oval cans, 9c can.

Brook Trout in Tomato Sauce, 11c lb. can; 20c 2 lb. can.

Baked Beans, best quality, meaty beans with a little pork, 3 days only, 11c large can; 7c luncheon size.

Oyster Bay Applesauce, choice quality, new pack, 23c can; \$2.64 doz.

Sliced eyeless and coreless Pineapples, natural flavor, heavy syrup, 3 days only, 16c can.

Pecan Dates, large, selected, 3 days only, 7c box.

Spanish Queen Olives, best 10c luncheon bottle.

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